

thoughtsyrup

by Nyx

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-10 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-10 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:56:47

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 711

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Note: yes, I do know how to capitalize things. I'm *not* capitalizing because I *choose* to not capitalize, to help the mood of the fanfic. Now that that's cleared up (and no flames about that, please) here it is... another weird one from the mind of Nyx!

thoughtsyrup

Untitled Document

-thoughtsyrup

> by Nyx<p>

Rated PG-13 for one little 'F'

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I stand, frozen in place. I watch, scared of what I see. I feel, letting the demons tear at my soul.

The darkness that taints me is all-enveloping, even though I am bathed in light and my sentences begin to run together like maple syrup on a pancake mixing with the butter you can see the two separately but they're always together always together The pancake is me and I can feel the thought-syrup running down the sides I failed you I failed you the monster the man the lord has you he's got a knife and I can't watch but I have to as the blood runs like the syrup and the butter and I suddenly see why lord whatshisname kills and I'm ashamed i don't deserve capitalization and i laugh suddenly and cry suddenly and hiccup suddenly and wonder if i'm still sane but i'm not i know can't you believe that heaven comes next i can't i don't know how because life on earth seems so much like hell that i wonder if i'm really in hell and the cosmic pitcher pours more syrup on me if i was pancakes i'd be blueberry with little dark spots showing through i almost love the lord as he kills you i love him in a perverse way

love is the flip side of hate but i can't see that i think they're
the same i hate you love him hate him love you hate love hate love
and life is amber-colored goo of thoughtsyrup on the world i'm
swamped in it and the knife is reappearing it's coming from your
chest he stabbed you and his hand is made of bones but it's moving
moving still and pulling the knife out its blade is black and red and
dripping and the hilt is ivory and cream against the white dry bone i
lunge towards you i'm not frozen any more the pancake runs out the
doorway with the syrup dripping softly behind it and it's not chased
not missed i grab you before you fall and your blood is hot and it
burns me but i still hold on it's like poison and my hands are making
bruises but you're dead and you don't care can't care won't care
because it's not like it matters much anyway in heaven or is this
hell or will you go to hell i don't know i don't know i don't know
idontknowidontknow

i'm on the brink of insanity can't you see you did this to me i swear
your eyes are dull and i know you're gone but i can't believe it i
can't go on morbidity is turning me into a poet and i know it my
fucking god there's blood on my hands and my concience and why didn't
i save you i could've saved you if only if only i'd been able to move
but i wasn't or am i deluding myself is there some freudian crap i
could take from this like i want my mother so i let you die do you
even know who freud was i didn't think so i'm not sure i do either i
thought i did and now i don't think i do ain't it funny that way

but you really are dead and monster-lord-man is really gone and it
doesn't really matter much anyway in hell

i'm incoherent and i can see jacob's ladder in front of me it looks
like that bloody knife

*

A/N: This piece is like one biiiiiiaa question mark. I'm not
quite sure what I thought I was thinking, but it's here and I *know*
I was thinking about Harry Potter when I wrote it, so it's going to
be posted in the HP section. My muse confuses even me sometimes.
Nyanya! No lawyers can get me! (sorry, no-disclaimer-needed euphoria)

End
file.